The Unitarian Calendar

"In Being's floods, in Action's storm,
I walk and work, above, beneath,
Work and weave in endless motion!
Birth and Death,
An infinite ocean;
A seizing and giving
The fire of Living:
'Tis thus at the roaring Loom of Time I ply,
And weave for God the Garment thou seest Him by."

Vol. 6 JANUARY — 1914 No. 5

OUR NATIONAL SOCIETIES

With headquarters in the building of the American Unitarian Association, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Local offices at 104 East 20th Street, New York City; 105 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., and 376 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal.

THE AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION

Founded in 1825.

The chief missionary organization of the Unitarian churches of America. It supports missionaries, establishes and maintains churches, holds conventions, aids in building meeting-houses, publishes books, tracts, and devotional works.

Address correspondence to the Secretary Rev. Lewis G. Wilson.

Address contributions to the Treasurer, Henry M. Williams.

UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY

Founded in 1827.

Incorporated in 1885. The active work of the Society is carried on by the Department of Religious Education of the American Unitarian Association.

Address correspondence to the President, Rev. William I. Lawrance.

Address contributions to the Treasurer, Mr. Sanford Bates.

THE ALLIANCE OF UNITARIAN WOMEN

Organized in 1890.

Promotes the local organization of the women of the Unitarian churches for missionary and denominational work.

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Address correspondence to the Secretary, Mr. E. S. Forbes, 25 Beacon Street.

The Unitarian Calendar

VOL. 6. JANUARY, 1914 No. 5

LOYALTY AND PREJUDICE

REV. ARTHUR MAXSON SMITH,
Of the First Unitarian Church of Berkeley, Cal.

Loyalty and prejudice are so closely allied that it is often difficult to distinguish them. Yet prejudice is one of the ugliest traits of human character, and loyalty is one of the most beautiful. Loyalty is so splendid, in any individual or group, that it is assiduously cultivated, cherished—when developed—as the bond that holds people together for a common purpose and for mutual helpfulness. But everywhere ugly prejudice is trying to raise its head and lay claim to the title of "loyalty." If one becomes established in certain circumstances and finds them fairly comfortable and ministering well to one's needs and wishes, it is easy to hold to these, refuse any reform or innovations, often blocking real progress, on the ground that one is being "loyal to the fine old things." Much rank injustice is foisted upon society by this type of "loyalty." It is very easy also to shut one's eyes to truth, to new and approved methods, to a clearer and saner view of things, when the new view or method would call down criticism from certain quarters, by simply declaring that one proposes to be "loyal" to the old ideas and ways. This is the easy way. It is the way to stand in with the ignorant, narrow, selfish crowd that does not intend to be prodded out of self-conceited contentedness. But this kind of loyalty is high treason against truth. It is selfish prejudice that cramps the soul, destroys the power of progressive and clear thinking, finally closes the heart to the graces of sympathy and generosity

which alone, in the long run, make life worth while.

True loyalty is the loyalty that aims simply at truth and the service of truth. It will keep the heart young and glad, the mind clear and vigorous and growing, even though this loyalty to truth compels one to part company with the old crowd smugly complacent in the enjoyment of "'loyalties" that are at heart rank and selfish prejudice.

TRUE RECREATION

REV. JOSEPH HENRY CROOKER, D. D.

The ministries of religion become more and more necessary as civilization grows more complex. The demand for recreation increases as the waste of life extends. But the important consideration is this: To provide a recreation that really *recreates!* Here is the mischief of many cheap amusements: They destroy and degrade, instead of bringing peace and recuperation. But church-going, even as a recreation, has a supreme value: it restores vitality and replenishes strength. The exhilaration of worship never entails lassitude; the exercise of sympathy never exhausts; the activity of love never prostrates.

How many throng the theatre to escape the misery of life! They find an opiate that deadens pain, but no peace that abides. If preventive sanitation is better than medicine, so, likewise, a religious training that prevents the waste and enlarges the content of life is infinitely better than mere pastimes that cheapen life. The woe of the world is more prevented by worship than by the drama. The diseased or distracted soul is more helped by prayer and anthem than by the stage. The greater the rush of the modern world, the more the Church is needed to moderate and chasten the desires of mankind and to repair the havoc wrought by excessive labor and worry.

OUR LIMITATIONS

JULIA WARD HOWE

Our life begins with limitations. Very slowly are the liberties of the animal accorded to us; yet more slowly those of the human being. Our human endowment comprises a little power of discrimination, a little memory, by which to-day is pieced out with yesterday; and a little power of inference, by which to-morrow is prepared from to-day. . . . The human being soon finds that he has tasks before him. To the man in a wilderness all things belong,—sky, water, air, sunshine, trees; but this liberty and fullness are savage, not civil. Man and the universe regard each other with no voice to interpret between them. Then the instinct of labor arouses the man to work. He clears his field, builds his house, and shuts himself in, that the elements may no longer visit him with unmitigated liberality. After awhile he invites another to share his house, and so divides all the goods he possesses, but, dividing also his labors, finds himself the gainer. . . . Provided after a while with material comforts, men begin to do their mental and spiritual work, and again discover in these directions their limitations. Thus the work of ascent from savagism to civilization shows a succession of limitations. Forbearance is an element of every perfect work. All arts tend to over-production. When we thank a man for giving us one poem, we may thank him for not giving us ten. It is the same in friendship. One shall be better befriended by few intimates than by many, and more joy shall grow out of one great affection than out of a hundred easy likings. It is the same with religion, the character of whose demonstrations is more important than their frequency. The greater the power, the more imperious the necessity for its limitation. The perception of a high ethical good enables a good man to exercise the needful self-restraint and forbearance; and he who has a divine idea may be more hopeful in its neglect than in its celebrity.

Definiteness of object is essential to attainment, and good work presupposes subdivision and limitation. The limitations of the condition in life of Kepler, of Fulton, of Milton, of Jesus, were necessary for their marvelous achievements. Each life has its possible maximum. If it recognize its limitations, narrow its aim, concentrate its force, it will accomplish its highest possibility. Quantity and quality are factors of a constant product. The noblest genius becomes a hack when it sells all it can write for all it can get. The peculiar limitations of each person make the variety of human character which is essential to society. If any one were infinite in any direction, he would have no need of another. The original limitations of our structure are not accidental, but necessary. Every man needs a brain, but it would be of no advantage to have two. With four eyes we could not see more, nor with four hands do more, than we can with those we have. Rights do not change; they always exist. We discover them, and with each discovery a limit is set up beyond which we may not safely trespass.

I push on
All the faster perchance that I yet feel the pain
Of my last fall, albeit I may stumble again.
God means every man to be happy, be sure.
He sends us no sorrows that have not some cure.
Our duty down here is to do, not to know.
Live as though life were earnest, and life will be so.
Let each moment, like Time's last ambassador, come:
It will wait to deliver its message; and some
Sort of answer it merits. It is not the deed
A man does, but the way that he does it, should plead
For the man's compensation in doing it.

—*Owen Meredith.*

MY RELIQUARY

A curious room in my heart have I,
  A quaint old nook and a rare,
Where I keep the relics of days gone by
  For the folk who go visiting there.

Now, this is a hope that is fled, I say,
  And this is a dream that is past;
And that—why, that is a wedding day
  That I did not use at the last.

And this is a face that is dead to me;
  And here is the love of a friend
Who played me false; and this, as you see,
  Is a message I did not send.

And that? Oh, that—how soon we forget—
  Is a word that I left unsaid;
And this is the ghost of an old regret
  That I took from the lips of the dead.

This is a baby's credulous kiss,
  That was given to me one day;
And over there is the mummied bliss
  Of a summer that could not stay.

Here is the sound of a woman's name
  That I loved in the long ago;
And there is the blush of a scarlet shame,
  And this is a day of woe.

So I have classed and labelled them all,
  And put them each on its shelf;
And the door is open to friends who call,
  But I keep the key myself.

—*Marion Franklin Ham.*

If it is once understood fully that the Unitarian church is a free *religious* institution, a liberal *Christian* church, then it will not be difficult to know what to expect from it. We reject the creeds of Christendom, but not the religion of Jesus; we aim to liberalize our theology, and to spiritualize our liberty. Our church stands for character, with its strong intellectual frame-work and its rich moral life. Therefore we believe that indefinite dreaming tends to weaken the intellectual side of character, and that indifference to the pure practical precepts of the religion of Jesus tends to dissipate its moral strength.

Fellowship with a well organized Unitarian church requires no conformity to creeds, no bondage to sacraments or empty forms of ritual. No limits are set to intellectual progress; no decent individual views are antagonized. Earnest seeking of the principles of right living forms the basis of this fellowship.

As a Unitarian minister I never feel the restraints of doctrine or custom. In preparing my sermons my goal is the true and the good. Is this idea true? What evidence have I that it is true? Further, is it inspiring and elevating? If so, then it is fit to be declared to the congregation. For the truth we believe in going to deductive science, to true history and to philosophy in its highest development. Here the fact is law. For inspiration we reach for those things which have the power to inspire and "urge man's search to vaster issues."

—*Rev. A. M. Rihbany.*

When a rich man is fallen, he hath many helpers; he speaketh things not to be spoken, and yet men justify him; the poor man slipped, and yet they rebuked him, too; he spoke wisely and could have no place. —*Ecclus., xiii,* 22.

GRATITUDE AS A RELIGIOUS IMPULSE

Among all the things that one might suggest which would insure a greater degree of happiness during the year 1914, the cultivation of the spirit of gratitude is undoubtedly important. This is not saying that one can on the spur of the moment be grateful for anything in particular or everything in general. One cannot say, "Go to, now. I will be grateful." Gratitude is not a house that one can go into when one wishes. It is more like a dwelling that one constructs for himself little by little until it becomes a real habitation. The spirit of being grateful creates an atmosphere for itself through which one looks upon the world through the clear eyes of appreciation. The *capacity* for gratitude can be cultivated.

When you see little children laughing at nothing, so full of the flood of life that they roll and tumble and giggle from sheer happiness at being alive, you see what, in an older person, is an enthusiastic sense of gratitude, an element of life. When Kant, the philosopher, retired at night he had a way of rolling himself up in his bedclothing like a cocoon, and exclaiming, "Was ever a man in such good health as I?" It was the spirit of gratitude that enveloped him. He was grateful that he could think, grateful that he could breathe and awake at five in the morning, grateful that he was alive and could enjoy this wonder of coming out of nothingness into consciousness, even though it might not last for more than seventy years. When the spirit of gratitude is at its best in a human being this world is not unlike the Garden of Eden as it appeared in the fancy of the man who first told the story about it. Such a man would all the time be looking around trying to find the one who made such a world to live in. In better words, he would all the time be trying to find out who it was who made this life possible, and where he was, that he

might go to him and thank him. Gratitude is the basis of religion. When the human brain became sufficiently developed to permit its owner to say, "I," that is, to think of himself as a creature of choice and will, he must have felt a thrill of gratitude mingled with wonder as to how it had all come about. Is it not true that Unitarians who look back to no fatal mistake in the beginning of things, and who look forward to no final collapse of the universe at the end of time, are in a position to get out of this life all that it was intended to give them for their enjoyment and for their profit? If 1914 can make us more grateful for life itself, it will be much more difficult for us to be regretful because we are unable to secure this particular thing or that particular thing as we go along.

L. G. W.

UNITARIAN HYMN

God of the changing year, whose arm of power
In safety leads through danger's darkest hour,
Here in thy temple bow thy children down,
To bless thy mercy, and thy might to own.

Thine are the beams that cheer us on our way,
And pour around the gladdening light of day;
Thine is the night, and the fair orbs that shine
To cheer its hours of darkness: all are thine.

Yet, when our hearts review departed days,
How great thy goodness! How remiss our praise!
The things we ought, how oft we've left undone,
And grieved thy spirit, high and holy One!

Oh, lend thine ear, we lift our voice to thee;
Where'er we dwell, still let thy mercy be;
From year to year, still nearer to thy shrine
Draw our frail hearts, and make them wholly thine.

—Emily Taylor.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS FOR FEBRUARY 1914

Feb. 2, Psalm xxiii.
Feb. 3, Jonah, i-ii, Satire on Bigotry.
Feb. 4, Jonah, iii-iv, Satire on Bigotry.
Feb. 5, Daniel, i, Daniel and the king's meat.
Feb. 6, Daniel, ii, Dream of the image and stone.
Feb. 7, Daniel, iii, The fiery furnace.
Feb. 9, Daniel, iv, Dream of the tree.
Feb. 10, Daniel, v, Belshazzar's feast.
Feb. 11, Daniel, vi, Daniel in the lion's den.
Feb. 12, Daniel, vii, 1-14, Daniel's vision.
Feb. 13, I. Corinthians, i, Paul's letter.
Feb. 14, I. Corinthians, ii, Paul's letter.
Feb. 16, I. Corinthians, iii, Paul's letter.
Feb. 17, I. Corinthians, iv, Paul's letter.
Feb. 18, I. Corinthians, xii, Paul's letter.
Feb. 19, I. Corinthians, xiii, Paul's letter. The Psalm of love.
Feb. 20, I. Corinthians, xiv, 1-19, Paul's letter.
Feb. 21, II. Corinthians, i, 1-14, Paul's letter.
Feb. 23, II. Corinthians, iv, 7—v, 10, Paul's letter.
Feb. 24, II. Corinthians, v, 11—vi, 13, Paul's letter.
Feb. 25, II. Corinthians, xi, 16—xii, 10, Paul's letter.
Feb. 26, Psalm xxiv, The King of glory.
Feb. 27, Psalm xxv, A prayer of faith.
Feb. 28, Psalm xxvi, Searchings of the heart.

THE TRUE END OF LIFE

REV. MINOT J. SAVAGE, D. D.

The true end of life for an immortal must be something that is itself immortal; for otherwise, when the treasure is perished, the immortal must pass on empty-handed, and in want. To say, then, that anything only material is the true and proper end for man to seek is as absurd as to say that the

child is born to find the object of its existence in the cradle. And to see a man just stepping off the stage of life with no care for anything but possessions and amusements, his thought and heart all untrained and undeveloped, is as pitiable as to find a strong young man, in all the vigor of fresh maturity, spending the livelong day astride of his rocking-horse.

Suppose, then, we care for nothing but wealth. If God be our father, and really love us, he would only be treating us wisely to take it away; for one of life's best lessons is to learn that money alone is poor food for the real high nature of man. We become absorbed in the pursuit of pleasure. The fair-skinned apple we grasp at turns to ashes on our lips. This only means that bitterness and disappointment must surely come to those who bend down their higher faculties and degrade them to the level of the lower. We chase some outward success. We miss it. Not that God does not care for the kind of life we lead; but we were forgetting the true goal. Success does not consist in bringing to pass a certain outward thing, but in the quality of character we develop, no matter in what circumstances.

Christ's whole life was a failure, judged by the conventional standards of earth. Dying at thirty-three, he stood by his cross, hated by the rabble, scorned by the mighty and learned, pitied by Pilate, deserted by the few timid ones he had taught to love him; and yet, in all the ages since, the cross has been the symbol of victory. And this outcast one reigns over a kingdom of thought and hope and love, in comparison with which the empires of Caesar or Napoleon seem dwarfed and small. We see, at last, that the grand aim and end of humanity is the culture and development of the moral, the godlike, in us. Now light breaks. The radiance of this thought bursts through the heavy rolling masses of cloud that have darkened the world; and where was only chaos an orderly creation and a meaning appear.

THE GOD OF TO-DAY

REV. E. H. REEMAN
Of the Church of Our Father, Lancaster, Pa.

The new thought of God to which the world is coming is the thought of a God who in the most literal sense is the deepest fact in the universe—a God who, whatever more He may be that we do not know, is the universe. Not a God who created the universe by one series of acts long ago, but a God who has been creating it all along the line, and whose creative energy is still at work. Not a God who would be complete whether there were a universe or not, but a God to whom the universe is a means to self-expression and to self-realization. A God who needs the universe as much as the universe needs Him, and who would not be God without it. A God who is the Unity which underlies all things and which embraces all complexity and variety. A God who has been behind every step of the struggle of life in all its forms. A God who is the soul of the struggle, and who by means of it has been realizing something that could not otherwise be possible. A God who *is* Life. A God who *is* Man.

My brethren, God is *here*. In our midst at this very moment. Here in you, here in me, here in us all. We do not have to seek Him. We cannot escape Him. Wherever Life is, God is. Every discovery of Science is a discovery of God in some mode of His being, or in some method of His activity; every page of history, and not the sacred pages of the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures alone, is a revelation of God; every force that works is the force of God; every impulse of your being and mine is the Urge of God.

Back of all that we know and think—back of the primal urge of life—back of the first glimmerings of consciousness—back of the first lispings of human speech—back of the first written word, and the first note of song—back of the first associations

of mankind in the family, the tribe, and the nation —back of savagery, and back of civilization—back of it all there's GOD—God, not as a remote originator and first cause, but God as the present, living force that acts and IS.

KOSSUTH IN FANEUIL HALL, 1852

I implore you, Mr. Emerson, give me the aid of your philosophical analysis to impress the conviction upon the public mind of your nation that the Revolution, to which Concord was the preface, is full of a higher destiny—of a destiny broad as the world, broad as humanity itself. Let me entreat you to apply the analytic powers of your penetrating intellect to disclose the character of the American Revolution, as you disclose the character of self-reliance, of spiritual laws, of intellect, of nature, or of politics. Lend the authority of your judgment to the truth that the destiny of the American Revolution is not yet fulfilled; that the task is not yet completed; that to stop half-way is worse than would have been not to stir. Repeat those words of deep meaning which once you wrote about the monsters that look backward, and about the walking with reverted eye, while the voice of the Almighty says, "Up and onward forevermore," and while the instinct of your people, which never fails to be right, answered the call of destiny by taking for its motto the word "Ahead."

Two things I have met here, in these free and mighty United States, which I am at a loss how to make concord. The two things I cannot concord are: First, that all your historians, all your statesmen, all your distinguished orators, who wrote or spoke, characterize it as an era in mankind's destiny designed to change the conditions of the world, upon which it will rain an ever-flowing influence. And secondly, in contradiction to this universally adopted consideration, I have met in many quarters

a propensity to believe that it is conservative wisdom not to take any active part in the regulation of the condition of the outward world. These two things do not concord. If that be the destiny of America which you all believe, then, indeed, that destiny can never be fulfilled by acting the part of passive spectators and by this very passivity granting a charter to ambitious czars to dispose of the condition of the world.

PUBLICITY

REV. T. J. HORNER
Of the Pilgrim Church, Attleboro, Mass.

Why publish church activities and achievements? Does it not cheapen the church? Answer, Because the church is a public institution and the public has a right to know absolutely everything that depends upon it, in any way. The church exists for the public good. It aims to influence it for truth and righteousness. It attempts to direct its thinking and direct its conduct in safe ways. It draws its recruits from the public. It asks the support of the public. It ought to have nothing to conceal behind closed doors. It is not in any sense a secret society or a private club. Every member of it has not only a moral but a legal right to know everything that concerns its good or ill. Its founder said, "Do men light a candle and put it under a bushel, etc.?" "Let your light so shine that men may see your good works and glorify your Father." The church of God is the objective institutional expression of this spirit in man. It can have no legitimate business other than the glory of God and the service of man. Publicity is its letter of credit to the whole world. When it does anything that it is ashamed of or afraid to make public, it immediately falls a prey to suspicion, censure and condemnation. The church of God should have no secrets from the mind of man.

VAGUELY UNDERSTOOD

REV. MAXWELL SAVAGE

Of the First Unitarian Church, Louisville, Ky.

The terrors of incarceration always have been vaguely understood by those on the outside. These terrors were first brought to public notice by Howard's visit to the prisons in 1773. He found the prisons to be veritable pest houses, guilty and innocent crowded in together and all burdened with chains. Out of his investigation in 1778 came the first penitentiary, and that form is the basis of our present penitentiaries. Then Jeremy Bentham in 1791 wrote a book advocating the round building for the prisons, that the prisoners should be employed, and that they should share in their earnings, ideas that are becoming popular to-day. Mrs. Fry, in 1817, visited the prisons of London, and brought out the woman's side of the question, and showed how the prisons of England were simply "hell above the ground."

Now, to-day, it is time that the people waked up. Every now and then some prison is exposed; we all get excited, and then relapse into callousness. The prison system is about the weakest spot in our form of government to-day. In Massachusetts last year $7,000,000 were spent on police system, $25,000 on restoration. Now, perhaps we have punished crime, but we have not prevented it. We need to realize that crime is often disease, either individual weakness or an inherited taint. Look at drunkenness—it needs to be taken entirely out of the prison system, as the diseased and the feeble-minded have been taken out of the prison system. To send a drunken man to jail does not cure him, but simply continues him as a source of expense to the State. Then we are realizing that the prisons to-day are often post graduate courses in crime, and that the first step we must take is to take them out of politics and keep them out.

SHIBBOLETHS

REV. MARION FRANKLIN HAM

Of the Christian Union Church, Reading, Mass.

We are all willing to allow other men to go to heaven if they will consent to go our way. The question is not about the place nor the right of men to go there, but about the road which we think they ought to travel. So we station ourselves upon the King's highway and challenge all comers with our cherished shibboleth. If our neighbor is able to utter our doctrinal test word, we allow him to pass; if not, we refuse him the right of way. It might lessen our faith in religious shibboleths to remember the truth which Peter saw in his vision, that "God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness is accepted with Him."

NEWS NOTES

At the First Church of Wheeling, W. Va., the minister, Rev. Howard Almeron Pease, is giving an interesting series of sermons on subjects of popular interest, among them being "Bergson's Theory of Life," "The Call of the Carpenter," and "Things New and Old."

The new movement in Oklahoma City has grown rapidly in the last few months. The minister has been giving some popular lectures upon literary subjects, which have attracted large audiences. The Sunday School has increased rapidly and has enlisted the services of many of the leading educators of the city.

During the month of December the Robert Collyer Men's Club, connected with the Church of the Messiah in New York, listened to an interesting lecture by the Rev. John Haynes Holmes, on "A Rambling Talk on a Rambling Jaunt Through England." It was illustrated by some eighty or ninety stereopticon views.

Despite the serious conflagration which recently worked such havoc at the Bulfinch Place Chapel in Boston the building has been rehabilitated, and the gymnasium, especially, put in first-class condition. All the usual activities of the chapel are now being conducted, and the "Pleasant Sunday Evenings" will be resumed on January 11th.

At Norfolk, Va., the Rev. Julian R. Pennington recently preached his farewell sermon, the subject being "The World's Greatest Vision." Mr. Pennington goes to Lynchburg, where he has organized a church, while the Rev. Alexander T. Bowser of Richmond will for the present supply the pulpit at Norfolk.

A most thorough and interesting treatise by Horatio N. Pollock, Ph. D., and William S. Morgan, Ph. D., the latter our Professor of Theology at the Divinity School in Berkeley, has recently been published under the title "Modern Cities." These two scholars spent a considerable time in Europe studying the problems therein treated, and the result is extremely gratifying. It is a great contribution to the problem of the modern city.

The UNITARIAN CALENDAR is published monthly, except July and August, by the American Unitarian Association, at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Annual subscription, 25 cents.

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By the Author of
Letters to His Holiness Pope Pius X.

Modernism is not so much an inquiry of the intellect as a crisis of the conscience; less a debate of the schools than a problem of conduct attended with tremendous spiritual consequences. "Dare I follow the new light? Am I brave enough to withstand creeds and hierarchies? Have I the heroism to join that company of outcasts who in every age have sacrificed even life's dearest affections at the behest of Truth's austere Ideal?" Across such questions lies the shadow of tragedy, and today a host of suffering souls in and out of Roman Catholicism are asking them in agony. We should know of these silent sorrows, these trials that are of life and death, for they exist all around us, at once the saddest and most glorious experiences of these days of tremendous transition.

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